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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

EPOCHS OF CHINESE AND JAPANESE ART. AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF EAST ASIATIC DESIGN. By ERNEST FRANCISCO FENELLOSA. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company, 1912.

THE death of Ernest Fenellosa five years ago was an irremediable loss. Not only was he a teacher by divine right, stimulating and illuminating both, not only a man of great charm and persuasive grace, so that listening to him it was impossible to withhold conviction, but he was furthermore an instrument fashioned with curious exactitude for interpreting the East to the West. Of mingled race, Spain and New England ran together in his blood and gave him the keen, dry passion, the impulse to take sides, the necessity to enforce and convert, no matter what the issue. After the highest honors at Harvard and experience of the Divinity School and the Art Museum in Boston, he studied, in Japan, Buddhism under an archbishop of the esoteric sect, and Japanese painting under Kano Tomonoke, the last of the great line of Kano painters; and, to crown all, he served on the Imperial commission which examined and catalogued all the treasures of Japan, all the great works of Japanese and the greater works of Chinese artists laid up in temples and private collections, not, perhaps, to be unrolled or unwrapped again for a generation or two. With everything to make him feel, he had every opportunity to know. The great work he should have written was already drafted when he died, and has been faithfully and piously made available by Mrs. Fenellosa. At last it is accessible. To those who never heard him speak it will seem infinitely rich and suggestive—impossible to read continuously because it is so packed with substance and so charged with ideas that send the mind very far, voyaging through the strange seas of thought alone, before the eyes come back to the page. But to those who remember his discourse it will seem chill and fragmentary and impoverished. So strong is personality.

There are a few things to regret besides the loss of the living man, and they may as well be dismissed at the outset. It is natural, it is inevitable, that Mr. Fenellosa should have preferred to name the great Chinese painters as all his Japanese friends named them—but it was hardly fair to his Western readers. The time has come for Europeans to study the supreme art of China directly, through documents, through paintings, and not take all at hearsay from an English-speaking Japanese. Europeans will no more consent to know Wu Tao Tzu and Li Lung Mien through the transliterations of Japanese than they will take Homer and Euripides from a modern Greek bootblack's reading; nor call Livy, *Tite Live*, or a late pope *Pie Neuf*, because some very clever contemporaries of ours on the Continent do so. The consequence is a real difficulty in correlating

this work, of infinite worth, with what else of worth has been written in English and French. Back of this and bound up with it, as like effects of a single cause—Mr. Fenellosa's impassioned loyalty toward Japan—lies an unfortunate attitude of real injustice toward Chinese thought, an ungraceful insistence on dislike to Confucius and all his works, and a deplorable violence of utterance in speaking of modern China. Spain and New England have bred a great partisan, and if he is not always fair, at least he is always clever. Nobody ever claimed for the Japanese originality of thought or religiosity of temper—this is how he puts it: "Japan had never been rich in original philosophers who can devise great speculating systems or found new fanatical religions." Could Loyola himself show better the art of disparaging what you cannot possess?

But fault-finding is brief as it is perfunctory, and the delight of the book is inexhaustible. Its avowed purpose is never forgotten—to study the abstract qualities of pattern and space-composition, and *notan*, or "spotting"—the cunning distribution of dark and light. The parallels with Western art, both old and new, are particularly rich; they shed much light and range very wide. "As a purely artistic school of impressionism adapted to great mural decoration, future critics will doubtless place it [Korin's School] ahead of everything that the world has ever produced. Greek, Florentine, even Venetian wall-painting, however gorgeous, is just a bit too tangible, just a bit too much like colored sculpture. Magnificent decorations of line and color, which only soak up as much of natural suggestions as they care to hold, here show for the first time what the art of the future must become. Even Besnard is too conscious of being a negative pole to nature, a kind of bravura defiance of realism. Koyetsu is both as naïve, as positive, as sumptuous, as Shakespeare. Perhaps Whistler if he could have had opportunity to work along the mural line would also have worked in that sphere. As for Hangchow, it lacks the full orchestration of color; it is great church music." In this sort of thing it is fatally easy to write nonsense, but no nonsense is here, rather soundest sense. After reading this you have several clear and distinct impressions about both Koyetsu and the art of Hangchow.

The earliest art of China is full of Pacific forms, the same that reappear in New Zealand and Mexico and Alaska. Under the Han dynasty Chinese commerce penetrated not only to the highlands of Baktria, but to the Mesopotamian plain, whence came in Persian and Greek and Assyrian influences. In fact, the Chinese just missed getting to Rome a century before Christ because they were blocked by the Parthians, as later they just missed getting there again because they were blocked by the Arabs. Buddhism came early from India, and with a second Buddhist influx a few centuries afterward came waves of that mysterious Greco-Buddhist art of which we know and shall always know so little except the beauty. From the great age of Tang, that touched a golden moment under the Emperor Hsuan Tsung (713 A.D.), have come down perhaps directly, certainly through magnificent Sung copes, the solemn landscape of Wung Wei; the grand mystical male Kwannon of Yen Li-Pen, seated; the lovelier descending Kwannon of Wu Tao Tzu. Examples of both these last are in the collection of Mr. Freer and will ultimately come to the nation, along with the original of what is perhaps the most glorious and troubling picture in the book—the "historical Buddha" by

Wu Tao Tzu. But of Northern Sung and Southern Sung and the immeasurable spiritual distance between the two, of the strange sheltered life of conscious beauty and mystical passion that flowered at Hangchow, of the migration northward again into austerer air and more intellectual ideals, of the delicate, corrupt, declining grace of Ming—and of all the splendid art of Japan, from the rude horses on clay chafing-dishes found in shell-heaps to the Monkey-bridge of Hiroshige, there is no space to speak here. The story is written out full with many more matters in these two volumes, and set through with pictures admirably chosen and exquisitely reproduced. For many a year, probably for more than one generation, this will be the one book indispensable for compactness, breadth, personal knowledge of the paintings, and critical estimation and interpretation by an artist, a poet, and a religious soul.

CARDINAL MANNING. *THE DECAY OF IDEALISM IN FRANCE*. THE INSTITUTE OF FRANCE. Three essays by JOHN EDWARD COURTENAY BODLEY. New York: Longmans, Green & Co., 1912.

The three essays contained in this goodly volume are interesting not only because they are able, instructive, and rarely well written, but because they contain, over and above the matter of the essays, the personality of the writer. Personality to-day is almost as absent from literature as is idealism, according to Mr. Bodley, from France. To let the self shine through, to betray between the lines of one's writing a temperament, an individual history, a philosophy of life, is to cram one's book with double measure of interest, and that is what is done here.

Mr. Bodley had undertaken an exhaustive work on France, the country in which he had spent the twenty-two last years of his life. The work was interrupted by dreary wastes of ill-health, and the two essays in this volume may be the only portions of the work given to the public.

For the essay on Manning, Mr. Bodley was fitted by a long and intimate acquaintance, dating from the author's first year at Oxford and lasting till the death of the Cardinal. To the average reader of character, Manning is not a pleasant figure. He was subtle and successful. He was never known to espouse an unpopular cause or to stand by any brother laid under suspicion of new or original thinking. His attitude toward Cardinal Newman, which was definitely an asset to Manning during his lifetime, has been a reproach to him ever since his death. His complaint is pathetic but a little contemptible to the author that one of the bishops had spoken of him as "a good young man, but a forward piece," while the old Cardinal in whom the phrase long rankled counted upon his fingers: "I had been captain of the Harrow eleven; I had got my first at Balliol; I was the leader in debate at the Oxford Union; I had been a fellow of Merton and Archdeacon of Chichester—and all they could say of me was that I was a 'forward piece.'"

Mr. Bodley feels that Manning's distrustful and unkindly attitude toward Newman was wholly excusable. "The history of the Christian Church would have been meager but for the quarrels of persons of apostolic temperament," he writes, feeling that history is made up of misfortunes, clashing, and war. Mr. Bodley says the inherent antagonism between the two men whose external history offered so many parallels